/70 cont./

764 [551] If the deceased had borne, say, the name of an animal, it would have been the duty of the brother or a relative to kill such an animal. For, with the dead person, an animal or plant of the same name must also be killed or be made to die (see pp. 138/139).

While the deceased hung in the crown of the imbauba tree, the laments of his relatives in the maloka continued, and even the children did not lag behind their parents in this respect. At night one or two men were always awake, sometimes also a woman, who, at the same time, sang, wept, and intermittently uttered shrill sounds. The sleep of the other members of the tribe, however, was not disturbed by it.

•765 Seventeen days after the death of Hokotómarimá the second part of the burial ceremony began. The male relatives cut down more trees, and, under the imbauba tree in whose crown the dead man hung, they raised a funeral pyre; moreover, they cleared the forest at this spot, so that there was a rather large open area. On the afternoon of the eighteenth day all the Pakidái men then painted themselves with urucú and, under the leadership of Chief Karenauõ, singing loudly and weeping at the same time, they went to the place of the dead. All the women and children remaining behind also wept fervently, even the ones who were not related to the deceased. The /71/ men carried bows and arrows in their hands; some of them also carried snuff-powder and the tube for blowing it in. The brother, moreover, had the weapons and tools of the deceased, as well as bowls made out of the jamaru fruit -- horotó.

When the procession reached the imbauba tree, two kinsmen climbed up once more and carefully lowered the wooden frame, which was received by the other warriors and placed on the pyre in such a way that the head of the deceased was turned toward the rising moon. The dead man, however, was only a skeleton. The flesh had decayed and fallen through the slats to the ground where the vultures, ants, and other animals had devoured it. The brother put his weapons and tools on the wooden frame, so that they would be available to Hokotómarimá in the realm of the dead. Several pieces of meat, bananas, some manioc flour, and the full calabash of a palm drink were to serve as food along the way.

/71 cont./

765 Shortly before sundown a bright, blazing fire was kindled with the help of the fire-drill, and the funeral pyre was set afire with it. Then the men blew the snuff into each other's noses, and after a few minutes they were in a state of intoxication, during which they danced, singing and screaming, around the flames that leaped up over the dead man. This was the appeal to the hekurá who are supposed to help the soul of the dead on its journey [782] to the moon (see pp.199/201). The chief uttered his prayers of supplication in a loud voice, and all the other men joined in the chorus. Meanwhile the men kept blowing snuff into each other's noses, so that their ecstasy constantly increased and finally reached an unimaginable climax when the fire took possession of the skeleton. It no longer seemed to be human beings who, howling, stamping, and gesticulating, now stormed around the pyre. They seemed to have taken leave of their senses, and, as a result of the snuff-intoxication, they probably actually were in another world. To me, the sight was like a nightmare and made me think [704] [705] of paintings by Hieronymus Bosch. The wandering of the soul of the dead existing in the bones, accompanied by the tree-soul, had begun, and the hekurá paved the way for them. Meanwhile, night had fallen, and the moon, which I suddenly noticed in the sky in its full size between the crowns of the trees, seemed to be waiting for its new inhabitant. In spite of the heat, which was increased [123] by the fire of the funeral pyre, cold shudders ran down my spine, and an indescribable feeling of terror clutched at my heart. Though I had not taken any snuff-powder at this ceremony, I, too, was in a veritable drunken fever. Never before, neither in church nor in a theater, had I experienced a scene as grandiose as the one here in the nocturnal forest of Amazonia.

765 787 276

This death ceremony continued until dawn. After midnight, however, only a few men, whose duty it was at the same time to keep the funeral pyre burning, were still dancing and singing. The other warriors lay exhausted on the ground and slept. Occasionally one of the dancers was nudged. He got up immediately, had snuff blown into his nose, and danced around the pyre, singing, while another lay down to sleep. Finally, only two men were still

/71 cont./

dancing and singing. About an hour before sunrise, however, all the sleepers were awakened; they again took snuff immediately, and once more there began a wild dance with singing until daybreak. The death ceremony must be kept secret from the sun (it is likewise regarded as a male creature), the worst enemy of the moon, because otherwise it would hinder the soul's wandering. Loudly sustained, shrill, joyous cries formed the conclusion and made it manifest that the soul of the deceased had found entry into the moon. Then all the warriors, sobbing loudly, formed a circle around the burned-down funeral pyre, while the /72/ brother and other relatives gathered up the charred remains of the bones from the ashes. After these had been pounded in gourd vessels by means of small stone mortars, the bone ashes were emptied into two bowls made out of the jamaru fruit, which the brother of the deceased wrapped with palm leaves and a liana binding. Thereupon he handed them to the chief, who lifted up each one in the direction of the moon and, singing, blessed it, while the men standing about uttered shrill cries. With this the end of the ceremony was reached, and the exhausted warriors could again return to their maloka in order to recover in their hammocks from the strenuous night. The brother of the deceased tied the two jamaru bowls containing the bone ashes to the rafters of the roof behind his hearth, in order to keep them for the big annual festival in memory of the dead, at which the bone ashes of their dead, mixed with banana soup, are drunk by the men (see pp.231 f.). From now on there was no more wailing and weeping in the maloka; daily life had resumed its normal course.

After the death of women and of children too, as soon as they have completed the third year of life, the death ceremonies are conducted in exactly the same way. For a deceased chief, on the other hand, there is dancing around the funeral pyre for three nights, for, of course, his entrance into the moon must be particularly solemn.

Surára
Pakidái

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764 171 For the types of burial of the Surára and Pakidái, which are undoubtedly very old and original, there are no parallels thus far in South America (334). This is true of the combined tree- and

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334. Among the Waikâ /Waica/, the corpse is cremated on the same day on the village square (Zerries, 1955b, p. 664).

fire-burial as well as of the earth burial of old people. A deceased member of the tribe, however, is only hung in a treetop for two or three weeks, so that his flesh will decay, before the bones are subsequently cremated.

765 171 175 The latter custom, albeit in the form of combined earth- and fire-burial, is, moreover, already mentioned in old sources. "Far inland," writes Barrère with regard to Guiana, "there are nations who assemble in order to dig out skeletons, when they think that the corpse is almost decayed, and after they have calcined these, they drink the ashes, which they soak in roucou, and they believe that they have thereby given their dead a more decent burial than if they left them to worms and putrefaction" (335).

335. Barrère, 1751, p. 172.

764 765 171 175 Similar reports are given by Froger about French Guiana (336)

336. "They have great respect for the old people, and when one of them dies, they inter him in the Carbet (Maloka) without any other ceremony than becoming very intoxicated: but when they believe that he is almost decayed, they assemble the Indians of the neighboring Carbets, dig out the bones, burn them, and take the ashes into their Oüicou in order to have a great feast" /translated from the French/ (Froger, 1715, p. 178).

2: Becher--156 E-5 (1955-1956) 1960 SQ18 Yanoama SQ18
Surára
Pakidái
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and by de la Neuville and Biet about some of the mainland Karaiben /Carib/ (337). The Surára and Pakidái, on the other

337. Lafitau, 1724, II, pp. 444 ff.

hand, are of the opinion that the soul existing in the bones is able to travel up to the moon only if the flesh has decayed beforehand, and there is now nothing to prevent the soul's withdrawal.

The custom of hanging the corpse in the open until it decays is also documented as early as the seventeenth century, but not in connection with another form of burial. There are statements about this by Coreal concerning the Chevelus (Amaguaxe or Encabellados -- members of the Tukano /Tucano/ linguistic family) who lived on both sides of the Putumayo: "They do not bury their dead at all, but hang them in the open until the flesh decays: after that they keep the bones as Relics" /translated from the French/ (338).

338. Coreal, 1722, I, p. 292.

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5. War -- nĩanyu --

The Yanonámi /Yanoama/, as has been mentioned above (see p. 13), are split into two antagonistic camps, the Xiriána /Shiriana/ and the Waiká /Waica/, with their smaller satellite tribes. There is constant, open hostility between these two "power blocs," on the one hand, and toward outside enemies (Karaiben /Carib/ and Aruaken /Arawak/) on the other. They accuse each other of a propensity for thievery and /74/ attribute every sickness and every death to sorcery on the part of members of hostile tribes. Hence blood revenge -- noyú -- plays a very great role. The chief cause of all wars, however, is connected with the fact that they feel it necessary to abduct women and girls of hostile tribes and groups, in order to bring new blood into their own tribal unit. Since many tribes are comparatively small, increasing relationship by marriage already requires exogamy to a certain

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595 We have mentioned that an adult may marry a very young girl, but must not have sexual relations with her until after the first menstrual periods. We do not base our observation on the practice of polygyny among the Sanemá in isolated cases, but rather on the fact that several men have several adult wives at the [554] same time. It does not seem that polygyny is an exclusive privilege of status or rank, but rather is an accepted thing, since [584] all adults may marry two or more women. Since there seems to be some scarcity of marriageable girls, the custom of binding oneself to a little girl can be looked upon as a form of foresightedness [589] by the man, with a view to the future. Many polygynous marriages, however, probably stem from the custom of the levirate.

587 There are widows who marry very shortly after the death ● 765 of their husbands; others, however, wait for many months. They live in the house of their brother-in-law or in that of their parents, and it seems that the future husband does not demand that they cease mourning since the person mourned and for whom they weep was not only their husband but also the brother of the new suitor.

If the brother (who is very often the youngest) does not want to or cannot /219/ marry all the widows of his deceased brother, he allows them to live with another man. These marriages take place only after some time, during which the brother of the deceased and the women live apart from the society in a sort of isolation.

587 There are no differential rules for secondary marriages, but the father of sisters has the right to prevent both of them from marrying the same man, particularly if the man, owing to his poor preparation or deficiency, cannot give assurance of the economic help which he expects from him. This explains why only older men with greater experience in life are able to marry several women with ease.

595 The wives of one man may live under the same roof or in several houses, and, in spite of there being no fixed rotation, the husband must devote the same amount of time, more or less, to each of his homes.

/220 cont./

159 764 inside, it is tied with lianas. Then they take the corpse into the forest where it is deposited, at a distance of some kilometers, on the branches of a tree in order for the flesh to decompose there. Often the members of the family will not leave the corpse alone in the forest for fear that animals will come and [775] devour it. The dead are very much afraid of animals and shout when a jaguar approaches them.

[825] The feline respects only a dead sablf, because he will die [756] in turn if he approaches.

[784] Our informant spent several nights next to his father's corpse, always being very careful not to step on the damp ground beneath the dead man, because those who step there lose their feet.

152 764 The grief of the relatives is so intense that very often some of them can not endure the pain and go to the forest to die. Above all the women lament a great deal during the night and the men hold them back so that they will not run away to the forest. The informant remembered that the strongest man of his tribe behaved as though he were mad after the death of his father and wanted to kill everybody. The men did not allow him to go with them into the forest to gather up the bones of his father for fear that, given his behavior, he might commit some crime.

● 765 After one month, more or less, the men of the tribe go to the forest and gather up the bones of their companion; the flesh decomposes completely during this period. Some of the men let down the coffin and others wrap the remains of the deceased in some large leaves, making in this way a bundle of bones which they take back with them to the rancheria. There they place it in a hammock and leave it for about four days, while the relatives continue to weep in uninterrupted lamentation.

765 775 [756] Later the sablf carries the bones to a fire prepared in the plaza and places them on top of the pile of firewood. Our informant also said that as the sablf did this he pronounced a well-known formula which means: "you are getting along well," for, if he did not say this, the hĩkula would not be able to find its way. Afterwards he lights the fire, blows upon it at the same time as he raises his arms /221/ above his head, and in the smoke

/221 cont./

765 775 that rises the nonmaterial part of the man ascends, his hikula and his soul and possibly something else which we do not yet understand. On occasion the owner of the hĩkula can be heard as he comes whistling to carry the hĩkula of the dead man to the place where all the others are to be found.

765 [276] The men take great quantities of yopo and dance around the fire which relentlessly consumes the bones. They sing and dance all night long, while the relatives cry out against their [756] neighboring enemies. The ceremony comes to an end in the morning, at which time the sablĩ pulls out the bones in order to pulverize them in a gourd.

[266] The gourd, covered with a leaf and containing the ashes which will be consumed in a broth of bananas during the forthcoming feast of the dead, is kept inside his house by a relative.

121 771 Our knowledge of the religion and mythology of the Sanemá is insufficient, for in order to study the supernatural world of a tribe it is necessary to know the culture thoroughly, since the latter, in multiple activities, is a reflection of the former, and, furthermore, to enjoy the absolute confidence of the Indian so that he may expose without subterfuge everything that may be of [184] interest to the researcher. Nevertheless, taking as a point of departure the data which we were able to obtain and those which have been published by various authors of unquestionable reliability, we dare to take up the matter of the religious life of the Sanemá, because, despite the fact that there are many traits similar to those of the other subtribes of the Yanoama, in general there stand out certain specific elements which will give us a better understanding of the metaphysical world of the Yanoama.

793 756 791 Yanoama society seems to have three theurgists or religious practitioners, but each one belongs to and officiates in a different supernatural sphere.

793 776 The first of the three is the hɛwĩawán, or the priest, who is the intermediary between the human community and Omao. He belongs to the pueblo which he represents as much as he does to the court of Omao. He lives in both worlds and frequently changes residence.

/452 cont./

252 Women generally roast the platanos for everyone's breakfast. At noon and in the evening, everyone cooks his own platanos. To a child of seven they might give three green platanos in
[866] their skins, telling him: "Here is your dinner." The child then proceeds to cook them.

264 The Guaika /Waica/ in general have abundant food and eat it with pleasure. They do not look kindly upon remains of food being left. Anyone who does not lick his bowl clean after having drunk his soup of platanos is considered a prodigal.

266 The mere idea of cannibalism is rejected with horror, al-
765 though they do eat the pulverized bones of a cremated relative, after having kept them in a hermetically sealed gourd for about six months.

262 They do not eat carnivorous birds and animals, but carnivorous fish, even the caribe (piranha), are eaten with pleasure. Some
[252] snakes are eaten, others not. They boil them or else they cook them wrapped in leaves upon the embers.

271 Drink, Drugs, and Excesses

The Guaika /Waica/ take extreme care concerning the water they drink. The supply of water for a settlement must be obtained upstream from all the fords which cross the stream or brook. If a Guaika finds it necessary to drink water in a place below a ford, he makes a hole in the sand of the beach and waits until water which has filtered through it gushes up. The water of the current is considered dirty, just as the water from the hole dug
[415] in the beach is clean. Water is transported in gourds by the women for use in the settlement.

273 The Guaika do not prepare any alcoholic beverage.

276 Tobacco leaves are rolled up with ashes and placed in the mouth behind the lower lip. When there is a shortage of tobacco, /453/ they obtain a certain bitter root in the forest, strip the bark from it, and place it behind the lip to diminish the desire for tobacco.

/483 cont./

758 515 They bathe sick persons. If the patient cannot go to the stream, they bathe him part by part at home and even in his own hammock.

/484/ Death

763 They are generally afraid of death and make every effort to keep a dying person alive for a while longer. When someone is in danger of dying, the relatives and friends hold meetings for lamentations at least once a day.

764 [302] [535] When a dying person expires, a time of mourning begins. Then, at about 3:00 in the afternoon, the funeral begins. The relatives and friends begin to paint themselves. There is much crying and lamentation. The women dance forward and backward, groaning and carrying several poisoned darts in one hand. If there are young children, they are frequently carried also. If the deceased is a little one, its little body may be carried during the final part of this mourning dance. A few closely related men and the intimate friends also participate in the dance.

After the lamentations have continued for a quarter of an hour more or less, the men go out in search of firewood and light a fire of two meters in front of the dwelling where the corpse is lying. When the fire reaches an adequate size, the body is carried there in a hammock made of cords of vine and placed on the fire. Then they put more wood on top of the [766] corpse. If the deceased is an infant, they place it in the fire in a flat basket rather than a hammock. They keep the fire burning [765] until around ten at night. Then they gather up the bones, wrap them in leaves, and hang them in the house.

If someone should die far from the settlement, his body is wrapped in leaves tied with vines and carried to the settlement to be cremated.

765 About three days after the cremation, the bones are pulverized in a small trough and then kept hermetically in a gourd capped with beeswax. The trough is made by using a machete to carve out the hole, burning its interior. They use it only once. After it is used, both the trough and the pestle are burned. Much weeping accompanies the process of pulverization and sealing the remains in the gourd.

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765 This funerary gourd which contains the remains is kept with the other objects that belong to the family. Then, one [766] fine day, they prepare a soup of platanos in which they mix the powdered bone. The near relatives drink this soup. All weep at this moment, as at the first funeral.

775 The Guaika believe that the correct observance of these practices has much to do with the life of the person after his death. If they do not manage to recover the body of a man killed in war and cremate it, his death is considered a doubly great calamity. A statement such as that of "We shall not cremate you when you die" consequently means a powerful threat.

Religion

[772] The Guaika /Waica/ have an idea that one ascends into heaven when one dies. This heaven is a good place, but less desirable than the present life. They also have an idea of hell, a place even less desirable to go to when one dies.

774 A person is for them body, soul, and spirit. The word to
775 designate soul also means "shadow" or "reflection." And the
828 word to designate spirit also means "cloud." Thus, the soul retains the form of the body, but the spirit can be formless.

The soul can abandon the body and return later. A seriously sick person in general loses consciousness while his soul is [753] absent. This is why they frequently go looking for the soul of a sick child, to return it to his body. The soul of an adult, on the other hand, should know how to find its way back.

The spirit abandons the body only with death.

775 A formal cremation and the rites which follow cremation help to ensure that the deceased, upon dying, will go to the most desirable place of the other life.

The Guaika believe that the spirits in heaven eat certain wild fruits. They are afraid that an enemy might /486/ return after death and cause sicknesses and other calamities to the people still corporeal. Many of these incorporeal spirits wander about the paths, especially at night. As we have said before, they are called "boles."

At the evening meal he refused to take a portion of the meat so that the others could have more. Later in the evening, he appeared at my hut begging for a can of sardines to satisfy his hunger for meat. He preferred to go hungry rather than risk the onus of being accused of poor marksmanship or stinginess.

Both sexes participate in the cooking, although the women do the greater share of it. Food preparation is not elaborate and rarely requires much labor, time, or paraphernalia. Spices are never used, although the salty ashes of a particular kind of tree are sometimes mixed with water to form a condiment of sorts. The food is dunked into the salty liquid and eaten.

Everyone eats in his hammock using his fingers for utensils. Some meals cannot be eaten from a reclining position, so the members of the family squat in a circle around the common dish. For example, large quantities of tiny fish are cooked by wrapping them in leaves and cooking them in the hot coals. When the fish are done, the package is spread open, and everyone shares its contents.

Animals are never skinned before cooking. They are merely put over the fire after their entrails have been removed, and roasted, head, fur, claws, and all. Most of the fur is singed off in the process of cooking. The animal is dismembered by hand. The head, particularly the head of a monkey, is highly prized because the brain is considered a delicacy. The most common meat is monkey, of which there are several varieties, so that this delicacy is enjoyed rather frequently by the Yanomamö.

By the time supper is over it is nearly dark. The fires are prepared for the evening; if someone has allowed his own fire to go out during the day, he simply borrows two glowing sticks from a neighbor and rekindles his own hearth. The entrances to the village are sealed off with dry brush so that prowlers can not enter without raising an alarm. Before retiring to their hammocks, the Yanomamö first sit on them and wipe the bottoms of their bare feet together. This rubs off most of the debris that has accumulated on them during the course of the day. Everyone sleeps naked and as close to the fire as possible. Despite the inevitable last-minute visiting, things are usually quiet in the village by the time it is dark.

Things are not always quiet after dark. If anyone in the village is sick, a shaman will chant to the malevolent spirits most of the night to exorcise them. Or, should anyone be mourning a dead kinsman, he or she will sob and wail long after the others have fallen asleep. Occasionally, a fight will break out between a husband and wife, and soon everybody in the village will be screaming, expressing opinions on the dispute. The shouting may continue sporadically for hours, dying down only to break out anew as someone gets a fresh insight into the problem. Once in a while someone gives a long, loud speech voicing his opinion on the world in general. Those who are interested may add their own comments, but the audience usually grumbles about the noise and falls asleep.

Status Differences and Activities

Daily activities, except those concerning gardening and visiting, do not vary much from season to season. Much of the variation that does occur is a function of one's age or sex, as was shown above.

726 and the men ran back to the respective houses, each making a noise—"Bububububububu"—as he ran. When they reached their hammocks, they all simulated vomiting, passing out of their mouths the rotten flesh of the enemy they had symbolically devoured in the line-up.

• [765] They retired for the night. Many of them wept and moaned, mourning the loss of their friend and kinsman, Damowï. At dawn the women went to the gardens and gathered large quantities of plantains. These were carried to the raiders, wrapped with their vine hammocks, and deposited outside the village for the men to collect as they marched in single file to war.

[302] [291] [123] The men painted themselves black again (Fig. 5–3). Some even put on bright red loincloths which I had traded to them, as the warrior line-up is a spectacle in which the younger men can show off to the girls. The loincloths were left behind when the men departed. They tinkered with their bows and checked to see if the bowstrings were weak at any spot, sharpened their best arrow points, and waited nervously for Kaobawä to signal for the line-up to begin again. The *unyu itou* was repeated, each man marching to the center of the village and taking his place in line. This time, however, they did not sing the war song. They merely shouted, as they had done the previous night, waited for the echo to return, and marched dramatically out of the village. Their mothers and sisters wept or shouted last minute bits of advice as they left the village: "Don't get yourself shot up!" "You be careful now!"

The men picked up their supplies of food where the women had cached them and left for Patanowä-teri. Kaobawä had been complaining all year of severe pains in his lower back, abdomen, and urinal tract, and was in considerable pain when he walked. Still, he insisted on going on the raid, suspecting that the others would turn back if he did not lead it. The raiders had not been gone five hours when the first one came back, a boastful young man, complaining that he had a sore foot and could not keep up with the others. The next day a few more young men returned, complaining that they had malaria and pains in the stomach. They enjoyed participating in the pomp of the *unyu itou*, for this impressed the women, but were, at heart, cowards.

[622] [164] [701] [703] [157]

[484] The raiders travel slowly their first day away from the village. They have heavy burdens of food and try to pace themselves so as to arrive in the enemy's territory just as their food runs out. They also attempt to reach a point in the enemy's neighborhood that will permit them to reach his village at dawn: far enough away so that enemy hunters will not discover their presence, but close enough to the village that they can reach it in an hour or so from their last camp.

[372] The men use fire only when they camp at a considerable distance from the enemy's territory. As they approach their destination, they exercise greater caution. Their final evening is spent shivering in the darkness, since they dare not make a fire to warm themselves. Most of the raiders emphasized this, as sleeping without fire is considered to be both dangerous and uncomfortable. The danger lies in the possibility of jaguar attacks, but even more in the fear that spirits will molest the unprotected raiders. On the last evening the raiding party's fierce ones have difficulties with the younger men; most of them are afraid, cold, and worried about every sort of hazard, and all of them complain of sore feet and belly aches.

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The raiders always develop a strategy for attacking the unwary enemy. They usually split into two or more groups and agree to meet later at a predetermined location

11: Chagnon E-5 (1964-1968) 1968 SQ18 Yanoama SQ18

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Fig. 5–4. Blowing drugs (ebene) *on the pulverized bones of Damowã, slain Monou-teri headman.*

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located the enemy, but Paturiwã refused to go any further. When he turned back, so did the entire party.

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The Monou-teri and Bisaasi-teri raided against the Patanowã-teri six times while I lived with them, and each time the preparations for the raid closely followed the description given above. The Monou-teri returned to their producing site only when the jungle was inundated; only at that time could they exist without the support of their allies. The remainder of the year they had to take refuge with members of allied villages or expose themselves to the risk of being attacked by superior forces by remaining in their own producing garden.

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The Monou-teri also raided the Patanowã-teri without aid from their allies. One of the raids was conducted near the end of the rainy season, and I was staying in their village at the time the raid was held.

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A special ceremony took place the day before the raid. The gourds containing the ashes of the slain Damowã were put on the ground in front of his brother's house.

11: Chagnon E-5 (1964-1968) 1968 SQ18 Yanoama SQ18

Everyone in the village gathered around the ashes and wept aloud. The bamboo quiver of the dead man was brought to the gourds, smashed, the points taken out, and the quiver itself burned. While this was going on, the mourners were in a state of frenzy, pulling at their hair and striking themselves, screaming and wailing. One of his brothers took a snuff tube and blew some of the drug into the gourds containing the ashes (see Fig. 5–4). The tube was then cut in half, one of the dead man's arrow points being used to measure the point at which the snuff tube was cut. I was never able to determine whether the arrow points taken from the quiver were possessions of the dead man or were, in fact, the points removed from his body. There were ten of them, and my informants were too touchy about the matter to be questioned in detail: I received affirmative nods to both questions. In any event, the ten bamboo points were distributed to the raiders, who fondled them and examined them carefully. Each man brought one with him on the raid that followed this ceremony. The severed snuff tube and the gourds of ashes were wrapped in leaves and put back in the thatch of the brother's house.

That night I think I became emotionally close to the Yąnomamö for the first time. I remained in my hammock and gave up collecting genealogies. As darkness fell Damowä's brothers began weeping in their hammocks. I lay there and listened, not bothering to tape record it or photograph it or write notes. One of the others asked me why I was not making a nuisance of myself as usual, and I told him that my innermost being (*bubii*) was cold—that is, I was sad. This was whispered around the village, and as each person heard it, he looked over at me. The children who inevitably accumulate around my hammock were told by their elders to go home and not bother me anymore. I was *bushuo*, in a state of emotional disequilibrium, and had finally begun to act like a human being as far as they were concerned.

The next day the raiders lined up, shouted in the direction of the Patanowä-teri, heard the echo come back, and left the village to collect their provisions and hammocks. I allowed them to talk me into taking the entire raiding party up the Mavaca River in my canoe. There, they could find high ground and reach the Patanowä-teri without having to cross the numerous swamps that lay between the two villages. There were only ten men in the raiding party, the smallest the war party can get and still have maximum effectiveness. As we traveled up the river, the younger men began complaining. One had sore feet, and two or three others claimed to have malaria. They wanted to turn back because I had forgotten to bring my malaria pills with me as I had promised. Hukoshikuwä (Fig. 5–5), a brother of the slain headman, silenced their complaints with an angry lecture on cowardice. I let them all out at the mouth of a stream they intended to follow. They unloaded their seemingly enormous supply of plantains and politely waited for me to leave. I sat among them and chatted, thinking that they were doing essential tasks as they fiddled with arrows and retied their provisions. Finally, one of them hinted that I should be leaving because I had a long trip and might not get home before dark. It was then that I discovered they were dallying, trying to be polite to me. They all thanked me for taking them upstream in my canoe, the only time Yąnomamö ever expressed gratitude to me, and I got in my canoe to leave. Hukoshikuwä came down to untie my rope for me and shove me off the bank. He watched, silently, as my canoe got caught up in the current and drifted away. He looked frightened, reluctant, anxious, but determined. After I had gotten my motor started and was under way, I looked back to see him turn, pick up his plantains and weapons, and disappear into the jungle. Even

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 137]